

See Next Society



SATURDAY

VISITOR.

E. CAMERON & L. J. RITCHEY.

Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain,

Unaw'd by influence, unbribed by gain.

[EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.]

VOL. IV

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Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions required, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisers by the year will be confined strictly to their business.

Cash-in-advance for \$3.00.

POETICAL.



TIME TO ME THIS TRUTH HAS TAUGHT.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Time to me this truth has taught,
(Tis a truth that's worth revealing)
Nore offend from want of thought
Than from any want of feeling;
If advice we would convey,
There's a time we should convey it,
If we've but a word to say,
There's a time in which to say it.
Of unknowingly the tongue
Touches on a cord soaching,
That a word or accent wrong,
Pains the heart almost to breaking;
Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Has been soothed or turned aside
By a quiet voice of kindness.
Many a beautiful flower decays,
Though we tend it so much;
Something secret in it preys,
Which no human aid can touch.
So in many a lovely breast
Lies some kanker grief concealed,
That it touched is more oppressed
Left unto itself is healed.

From God's Ladies Book.

JEREMIAH CROOK.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Jeremiah Crouk considered himself one of the upper ten thousand. And so he was, as far as a brown stone palace in 5th Avenue, and the reputation of being worth half a million, were concerned. Every body who wrote to him put Esquire after his name, but that did not make him a gentleman by a great deal.

Jeremiah Crouk started in life as a soap and candle manufacturer, in which business he continued even after his elevation into "good society." At first, the dipping and moulding processes were conducted on a small scale, while a single cart for the collection of ashes and oleaginous matter proved quite sufficient to supply the demand for these indispensable articles in the production of either hard or soft soap. But honest industry, prudence and economy, met, in his case, their reward. Jeremiah prospered in his business, and continued to prosper until he became a rich man.

Industry, prudence and economy are very commendable virtues, though by no means cardinal virtues. By this remark, do not understand us to disparage industry, prudence and economy; they are virtues that all men should practice; but while these are practiced, brighter things should not be, alas! they are at present, almost entirely neglected. We grow rich in this world's goods, but poor in the heart's better riches. Their bodies they lift above their fellows, while their minds sink, too often, below instead of maintaining the level with which they set in life. This is a melancholy but undeniable fact.

In the case of Jeremiah, as his coffers began to fill up, he began to think himself a better man. He had always maintained that he was as good as any nabob in the land, but now he began to think himself something better than men who stood at the level upon which he stood a few years before. And so, money kept pouring in, his self-esteem kept rising.

The wife of Jeremiah Crouk was a plain sensible woman. She loved her children well enough to find, in the care of them,

sufficient to do to keep her mind healthily employed; she was not, therefore, much troubled with newly acquired ideas of self-importance. The growing consequence of her husband had some trouble at times, to carry such an appendage as a sensible wife with it. The two oldest daughters, Amanda and Margaret, were only a little way in their "teens" when father's ideas in regard to things of a personal and family nature began to be somewhat expensive. He became all at once concerned about the best schools, and had them removed from a seminary in which they were most carefully instructed in all the useful and ornamental branches of a young lady's education, and sent to a "better" institution—that is, one at which were congregated the children of fashionable people. Neither Amanda nor Margaret liked the change; nor were they benefited by it. Amanda, especially, soon began to acquire notions a little different from what she had been in the habit of maintaining, and to consider the fact of her father's being rich as giving her consequence. Margaret, who was younger, was more like her mother, and, therefore, less apt to have her head turned with what she saw and heard in the new world into which this change had introduced her; but even she took an unnatural growth in this sickly atmosphere—not so much, however, as to produce a very apparent moral distortion. Even after she had completed her education, she remained a very sensible girl—vulgarily so, in some respects, according to the judgment of her more fashionable acquaintances.

About the time these young ladies were ready to come out, their father had finished his splendid residence in Fifth Avenue, and was ready to take his place among the upper ten thousand. He had built a large manufactory away up on the island, so that the odor of his soap works might not taint the city atmosphere, or remind people that he was but a soap and candle maker after all. He had several times thought of giving up his extensive works and engaging in some new business, but something of the prudence of old times remained, and kept him back from committing this folly.

As soon as Mr. Crouk had taken possession of his new home, at the Court End of the town, he issued invitations for a large party, and went to a thousand dollars' expense to have it all upon the most grand and fashionable scale. For old acquaintance sake, as well as to let them see how large and fashionable he had grown, Mr. Crouk invited sundry individuals not fairly entitled to associate with the upper ten. On the night of the grand affair, much to his mortification, he found himself with but few representatives of the "ten thousand" in his magnificent drawing-rooms, and a full attendance to the man, woman and daughter, of the plebeian herd, who were invited more out of compliment than anything else. And what added to his chagrin was the fact that only a small number of those who had not come deigned even to send their "regrets"; and also the fact that two or three of the families, after arriving and seeing the wives and daughters of vulgar people there, withdrew without feeling called upon to offer a word of apology.

But Mr. Crouk, who felt himself as good as the best, and better than many hundreds of thousands around him, was not to be killed off in this way. He was one of the "upper ten" and no mistake, and they were bound to acknowledge him—and so they did, in the end. Money and style were the passports, and he soon made his peers feel that his claims were not to be lightly esteemed.

In this struggle of Jeremiah Crouk for a place in the ranks of the exclusive few, his wife and daughters did not as warmly second him as he could wish, although there was no opposition. The mother's good sense impressed itself, as a natural consequence, upon the minds of Amanda and Margaret, and her right views uttered on all fitting occasions, found an echo in their minds. They saw deeper, even as young girls, than the glittering surface, and understanding that true happiness was rather quiet and unobtrusive than brilliant and imposing in its mein. With the full liberty of dressing in the most costly and stylish manner, they rather suffered their taste to be guided by that of their mother, and were, on most occasions, attractive rather than their want of elaborate ornament, than on account of its opposite.

The consequence was, that even among the "upper ten," Amanda and Margaret were general favorites. Their title to the place they held being undisputed, no one, of course, could question, for any want of the usual insignia, the fact that they were of the exclusives; and therefore, that which in others would have been thought exceedingly vulgar, was spontaneously acknowledged to be charmingly simple and attractive in them.

But these two strong indications of a low origin seriously disturbed the father,

who was forever complaining about the want of style in the dress of his daughters, and the want of dignity in their manners. What he could do, was always done. He never permitted them to go to the opera without a private box could be obtained; and when he could have a word to say about the toilet arrangements, insisted upon a proper use of ornament especially of rich jewelry. The private box at the opera was not objected to very strongly by the girls; it was pleasant and comfortable to be separated from the crowd, and the sundry annoyances that all must suffer even in the most fashionable audiences. Still it was settling them apart in a manner not altogether agreeable to their feelings, and it would have been less so, if they had been aware that they were pretty generally known by the theatre-going public and remarked upon as "two of the upper ten." So much for the position and pretensions of Jeremiah Crouk and family.

The two sisters were not without their admirers among the young men of their own circle, as well as some who stood on the outside, yet dared to cast upon them ambitious eyes. Spite of their want of ostentation in dress, and the entire absence of aristocratic airs, let them appear in company when they would, they soon had a group of admirers about them. This greatly surprised young ladies who were conscious of being far more brilliant, and, as they imagined, more highly attractive. But young men have a greater fancy for looking a little deeper than the outside when they feel at all inclined to pay serious attention to young ladies.

Amanda had many wooers, and it was not very long before her heart was won, and by a lover against whom her father could bring no manner of objection. As a man it is pleasant to be able to say that he was worthy of her hand. But the heart of Margaret, to all appearances, remained unimpressed, although many, attracted by her fortune, her native excellencies, or both, sought an alliance. The addresses of one young man, in particular, were encouraged by her father, but Margaret maintained towards him a cold but polite reserve. He was never able to approach her near enough to ask the all-important question.

All at once, and without any apparent cause for so doing, Margaret assumed a still more simple style of dress. At home or abroad, in public places or private assemblies, she appeared with scarcely an ornament on her person. Every article of jewelry was laid aside, and all rich or attractive colors avoided. Her father remonstrated, but in vain; he sternly refused a compliance with his wishes, but with no better effect, and he was finally constrained to let the "willful girl" have her own way. To the eyes of most of her friends, Margaret appeared none the less attractive on account of this change, her extreme neatness and good taste making up for all deficiencies. Instead of the number of her lovers being diminished, they were increased—but her heart remained untouched.

This singular freak, as it was considered by her family, was continued by Margaret for more than a year, during which she withdrew herself from company as much as it was possible for her to do, and appeared to take more delight in domestic employment than in fashionable pleasure-taking.

Mr. Crouk was troubled; he saw in this, evidences of a vulgar mind, indications of a perverted and groveling taste.

(Conclusion next week.)

"I HAVE NO COMPLAINTS TO MAKE."—This was the language of a woman at Trenton, N. J., who had been completely disabled by a brutal assault from her husband. Her eyes and face were swollen in black and disgusting blotches, inflicted by the rude hands of a brutal husband, who had vowed to protect and love her. But when the officers of the law appeared to redress her wrongs, she meekly replied: "I have no complaints to make." Who can find language to speak the affection of that woman?

POPULAR SENTIMENT IN CANADA.—An observing correspondent of the New York Commercial, writing from Toronto, Canada, says:

"In passing through the country I find a growing disposition to speak more favorably of the institutions of the United States than I ever knew before; and this too in a quarter where I little expected to observe it. Indeed the subject of annexation with the United States is quite the order of the day."

"Woman's Sphere is the great problem of the day," said a profound philosopher the other evening. "That depends on whether she is married or not," said a bystander. "A single woman's sphere is that she won't get a husband."

THE TEMPEST.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I was never a man of feeble courage.—There are few scenes of either human or elemental strife, upon which I have not looked upon with a brow of daring. I have stood in the front of the battle, when the swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents in the air. I have sat on the mountain pinnacle when the whirlwind was rending its oaks from its rocky cliffs, and scattering them piece-meal to the clouds. I have seen these things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that recked not danger; but there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness. I have called pride to my aid—I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy—but it avails me nothing. At the first low moaning of the distant cloud my heart shrinks, quivers and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a boy of ten years. I had a little cousin—a girl of the same age of myself, who had been the constant companion of my youth. Strange that after the lapse of so many years, that countenance should be so familiar to me. I can see the bright young creature—her eyes flashing like a beautiful gem, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale, and her cheeks glowing like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and joyousness of a bird's, and when she bounded over the wooded hill, or fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature and clapping her little hands in the very ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away like a freed nightingale from the earth, and going off where all things are beautiful and happy like her.

It was a morning in the month of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and I gladly became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure and white, and peaceful, as if it had the incense smoke of some burning censer of the skies.—The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters in the bay had forgotten their undulations; the flowers were bending their heads as if dreaming of the rainbow and dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft and luxuriant sweetness that it seemed a cloud of roses scattered down by the hands of a Peri, from the afar off gardens of paradise. The green earth and the blue sea lay abroad in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over and blessed them. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear, sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird, or found some strange and flower in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and all most supernatural tranquility of

the day continued until near noon. Then for the first time the indication of an approaching tempest was manifest. Over the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and at the same instant a hollow roar came down upon the winds as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud rolled out like a banner unfolded upon the air, but still the atmosphere was as calm, and the leaves as motionless as before; and there was not even a quiver among the sleeping waters, to tell of the coming hurricane.

To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort we fled to an oak that stood at the foot of a tall and rugged precipice. Here we stood and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds marshaling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every burst was so fearful, that the young creature who stood by me, shut her eyes convulsively, and, clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break.

A few minutes, and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl lifted her finger towards the precipice that towered over us. I looked and saw an amethystine peak, and the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like the groan of the universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded, & thrown I knew not whither. How long I remained insensible, I cannot tell—but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the winds was dying in the tree tops, and the deep tones of the thunder cloud came in fainter murmurs from the eastern hills.

I arose and looked tremblingly and almost desirously around. She was there—the dear idol of my infant love—stretched out upon the green earth. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the pathway of her death had been. At first I clasped her to my breast with a cry of agony, and then laid her down and gazed upon her face almost with feelings of calmness. Her bright dishevelled hair clustered sweetly around her brow; the look of terror had faded from her lips, and infant smiles were pictured there; the red rose tinge upon her cheeks was lovely as in life, and as I pressed it to my own, the fountains of tears were opened, and I wept as if my heart were waters. I have but a dim recollection of what followed—I only know that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming twilight, and and I was taken by the hand and led away where I saw the countenances of parents and sister.

Many years have gone by on the wings of light and shadow; but the scenes I have portrayed, still come over me at times with terrible distinctness. The oak yet stands at the base of the precipice; but its limbs are black and dead, and the hollow trunk looking upwards to the sky, as "calling to the clouds for drink," is an emblem of ra-

pid decay. A year ago I visited the spot, and the thoughts of by-gone years came mournfully back to me. I thought of the little innocent being who fell by my side like some beautiful tree of Spring, rent up by the whirlwind in the midst of blossoming. But I remembered—and O! there was joy in the memory! that she had gone where no lightnings slumber in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sunlight waters are broken only by the storm-breath of Omnipotence.

My readers will understand why I shrink in terror from thunder. Even the consciousness of security is no relief to me—my fears have assumed the nature of an instinct, and seem indeed a part of my nature.

By Telegraph for the St. Louis Union.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE WASHINGTON.

New York, Sept. 6.

The splendid American steamer, *Washington*, has just arrived from Bremen and Southampton. She left the latter port on the 21st, but brings nothing later than the *Niagara* from London, and only half a day later from Liverpool.

The *Washington* experienced heavy gales on the passage; during which she lost her third officer, James Henry, by falling overboard. She brought over a large freight and many passengers.

At London a gloomy feeling existed in consequence of the continued bad state of the weather.

The potato crop was suffering severely. Every thing was quiet in Ireland. The trials growing out of the late disturbances were progressing rapidly. John Martin, editor of the "*Felon*" newspaper, was found guilty of the charges against him, and sentenced to ten years transportation.

Thirteen persons charged with treason, sedition, &c., including Meane, Meny, Breemen, O'Higgins and Taffe, were shipped at Kingston on board of a Government steamer, and sailed either for Port George, in Scotland, or Carrickfergus Prison.

The city of Dublin and its vicinity were entirely quiet, nor was there any prospect of an outbreak.

At London, in the afternoon of the 19th, consols closed at 86 1/2.

At Paris, on the 18th, the three per cents were at 41—five per cents, 71—The Bourse was very dull.

There were apprehensions of an outbreak in Paris.

The debates upon the attempted revolution of June, and the report of the committee appointed to investigate the facts in connection with that and the previous enterprises—in which Ledru Rollin, La Blanc, and Considere were compromised—had commenced.

Cavaignac had placed a large military force around the walls of the National Assembly, which, it was believed, would be sufficient to suppress any outbreak.

Charles Albert was desirous of abdicating the throne of Lombardy.

The Emperor of Austria has returned to Vienna.

The Mediation of England and France, in the affairs of Lombardy, was successful, and the terms favorable to Austria. The Italian Chamber of deputies unanimously accepted the mediation of the French Government.

In Spain skirmishes have taken place between the Queen's troops and a detachment of the Carlists, in which fourteen of the former were killed and the remainder captured.

Hungary was agitated by the threatening aspect of the district of Kikendy. The inhabitants were flying, and the war carried on in a barbarous manner, cutting off heads, sawing off limbs, &c.

COOKERY BOOK.—Has that cookery book any pictures? said Miss M. C. to a bookseller. "No madam, none," was the answer. "Why?" exclaimed the witty and beautiful young lady, "what is the use of telling us how to make a good dinner if they give us no plates?"

It has been officially announced by the Coroner of London, England, that the cholera has appeared in that city.

We never knew a man disposed to scorn the humble, who was not himself a fit object of scorn to the poorest.